

A PATRIOTIC SERMON.

Rev. W. B. Mattoon gave the second of a series of discourses on timely topics, at the Baptist church, Sunday evening. It was a patriotic sermon and appropriate to the times in which we are living. "The Red, White and Blue, or The Symbolism of the Flag," was the theme. He said:

We have this year the coincidence of the Lord's day and the anniversary of our national independence. The coincidence is both appropriate and suggestive. Christianity and patriotism are not diverse—but one. True patriotism is but the manifestation of the Christian spirit in relation to the state. The best citizen is the truest Christian.

There is abroad among us now a false patriotism—cheap and tawdry—which takes itself out in lung and bluster; a patriotism which loves to tell how big and strong Uncle Sam is and with what incredible celerity "Uncle Sam" could "lick" somebody else. In the eyes of such people Uncle Sam struts peripatetically about with chip on shoulder just aching for somebody to "dare" to knock it off.

Such patriotism is not only very cheap but like most cheap things, very useless. America's enemies today do not dwell across the seas—her foes are of her own household. The danger to our national life, if danger there be, arises from internal conditions and from social strife. We are not likely to go to war just now with England or Spain or any other country; but the trumpet even now sounds—nay, has this long time been sounding with far too little heed—to the war of purity and truth against corruption and falsehood in our social life. And though the field be not glorious and the rewards not dazzling, yet upon the issue of this conflict the destiny of our nation depends.

More than one observer of our institutions and student of our history has given us ample warning of dangers near impending. Even so sympathetic a critic as Mr. Bryce compares America's situation today to that of a ship, which after a voyage hitherto sunlit, now rushes into the chilling entrance of low lying mists, not knowing what perils may be shrouded within the encompassing gloom. Mr. Lecky's book—issued a year since—on "Democracy and Liberty," is a prolonged wall over the evils incident to democracy; and, if he stop short of a positive prediction of our nearly impending national dissolution, he urges premises from which no other conclusion can well be drawn. The opinion of this, and other like observers, important though it is, is still far less serious than the fact, only so recently thrust upon our attention, that we have within our borders a movement by no means contemptible, whose professed end and hope is the overturning of our institutions. Mr. Debs, whatever else he may be, is not contemptible. His power among a certain class of our citizens has been only too terribly illustrated. Mr. Debs and his associates have recently organized the "Brotherhood of Cooperative Commonwealth." It is, says one of Mr. Debs's associates, "The most important movement ever inaugurated in this country. It is the arrival of the social and industrial revolution." And Mr. Debs himself does not conceal his belief, the leader of this movement "will soon be able to make a republican form of government a thing of the past in this nation."

It is indeed possible to exaggerate. The dense pall of smoke that overhangs the city of Chicago is suggestive, to one who beholds it for the first time, of a tremendous conflagration; and yet is but the noxious outpouring of many chimneys.

But, after all deduction has been made; after we have refused to play the pessimist and declined to believe that republican institutions are to be so easily and so quickly overturned, there still remains—in the opinion of such critics and the evident facts that justify it—occasion for serious thought and no small degree of anxiety.

Flags have their significance. We have the white flag of peace, the red flag of revolution, the black flag of piracy. Rambard tells us in his "History of Russia," that when, in 1830, the tricolor, the flag of 1789, replaced the white flag of royalty upon the French consulate at Warsaw, all Poland saw in it a call to arms and liberty. The brave but disastrous insurrection of 1830 was the result.

Our flag stands for something. It is not only, as that of any other nation, the sign of national honor and power; but with our flag are associated the ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity. Wherever it floats it bears this message: "All men were born free and equal." Wherever human eyes behold it, they read in it a message of liberty and of unity.

But with new occasions, new duties—and in this hour of our nation's need, it may be of our nation's peril, we may well scan this banner more closely. Has it for us any further message—any new lesson? And it seems to me that as we look upon the red, the white and the blue, we may perceive a new symbolism and see in them the symbol of the newer and the truer patriotism which today our nation needs.

White is the emblem of purity. The white of our banner calls for pure men and for pure political methods. The call has surely its pertinency. That U. S. Senator who proclaimed upon the floor of the Senate that the "purification of politics was an iridescent dream," has been happily relegated to the innocuous demerit of private life, where, as a re-

porter of prize fights for the metropolitan press, he may earn an honest if not an honorable livelihood. There was at least enough moral sentiment left in the community he represented to resent the public flaunting of its infamy.

There have been of late other signs of a reviving social conscience. The introduction of the Australian ballot has done much—so those best informed assure us—to secure a pure ballot. But impure men and unrighteous methods still hold in our political life far too extensive sway. Impurity has tainted the ballot, it has corrupted our legislators, it has unriched our executives, it has even laid foul hands on the judiciary. And this is not the worst. So long as public office appeals to man's desire for power and distinction, so long evil men will, upon occasion, force their way into high places. The nadir of corruption is reached when the public conscience tolerates such men and such methods.

A cartoon in a Detroit paper during the last campaign for the republican gubernatorial nomination in this state, represented one of the candidates as hurrying off with the Shiawasee delegation upon his back in the form of a bag of potatoes. His rival had, however, stepped up behind and with a knife labelled "Money," had slit open the bag and was making off with the potatoes. In the background several politicians with hands to their mouths could hardly smother their laughter. Ay, that is the shame of it! Not that corrupt men do corrupt things, but that the great American people stand by and think it rather smart and exceedingly funny. We laugh where we ought to weep. We smile brilliantly where we ought to rage with indignation. The white of the flag calls us to this, neither to ourselves practice nor to tolerate in others aught that corrupts and demeans our political life.

Blue is the emblem of truth. In our American flag the stars shine on the field of blue. And the relation is significant. The motto often suggested for the individual is fit also for the nation; "Hitch your wagon to a star." And this nation, in the form of government which it adopted, did hitch its wagon to a star. It set up a high ideal. It is a serious matter that many keen observers, like Mr. Bryce, should mark as the most significant contrast between European politics and our own, the absence here of any "high idealism." The theory of our government demands that the voter put into the ballot box his intelligence, his conscience, his patriotism, his best and highest conviction as to the nation's welfare. But we have long since ceased to even expect a man to do that. We expect that the voter will express his partisanship, his class or his personal interests. We should be almost surprised if he seriously thought of doing anything else. The appeals to the voters in the great elections are based upon this lower expectation. Platforms are formed not to express principles but to catch votes. And the eager competition of parties to gain the adherence of the several, with its hitherto rather incoherent social classes, has given rise to a danger which, under our institutions, it is impossible to contemplate without fear. We recall with horror the resolute effort made in the last campaign to set class against class, and section against section. I have in my library a work, "The Two Nations," written for campaign purposes, and thus unduly used. Of the economic theories therein propounded I am no judge. But with the persistent effort therein made to persuade a large part of the American people that they were the victims of deliberate, cold-blooded conspiracy, that another part of the people were their enemies preying upon them—of this effort it is impossible to say other than this, that, by whomsoever it was made, it was most damnable. The man who should throw a burning brand into a powder magazine were sane and philanthropic as compared to the man who would write such a book.

And herein lies the most immediately threatening danger of our times—the growing antagonism of classes. Appeals to class prejudices are not only a violation of the ideal of our government, but they are playing with fire, which may easily kindle a conflagration none can stay.

It is related of Queen Victoria that early in her reign Lord Melbourne, her then prime minister, urged her to sign a document upon grounds of expediency. "I have been taught," the queen replied, "to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

The blue of our banner calls to us to forget the "expedient"—to hold fast to the true. Not party expediency but the eternally right must be our law. The right is always expedient. The expedient is only expedient when it is right.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. The eternal years of God are hers. But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among her worshippers. Red is the symbol of self-sacrifice. The red of the flag calls for our devotion to our country's good. I stood this summer at a spot which was to me one of peculiar interest. I have often heard my father tell of George Arrowsmith. I stood this summer by his grave and read the inscription on his monument. And who was George Arrowsmith? One of many. When the civil war broke out he was a student at Hamilton, N. Y., a young man of brilliant parts, of great popularity among his fellows. It was he who led the way,

who said, "Come, boys, let us go!" and the inscription upon his monument told how he died at the head of his regiment on the bloody field of Gettysburg. He gave all that man could give, he gave himself, his life, his all. And he was but one of many. And if today a like call should come, every hamlet and village and city in this broad land of ours would send forth such as he, to do all, to dare all, to suffer all, for their country.

Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland in Olive Schreiner's story of that name, wandered away from his company and spent the night alone in the kopje. There he met with one, like unto the Christ, who discovered to him all the meanness and selfishness of his own life and told him of a glorious company that had been since the world was and should be until the world was theirs, a company who had this for the sign of their fellowship, that they loved one another. And when Peter Halket heard of this goodly company and its glorious heritage he knelt at the feet of the strange prophet and desired to be numbered with them.

"Go, then," said the Prophet Christ, "take a message to England, cry unto England's queen, cry to the wise men of England, cry to the women of England, cry to the workers of England, rebuke them for the sin they have done in this fair land." But Peter Halket said, "I cannot give that message. I am but an unlearned man, the son of a washerman, they will not hear me." "Go, then," said the Prophet Christ, "Take a message to the men and women of this land. Warn them of their sins. Command them to peace." "Nay," said Peter Halket, "I am but a stranger here, an unknown trooper; they will not hear me." "Go, then," said the Prophet Christ, "Go to one man. Demand of him the souls that he hath bought; cry out against him for the blood that he has shed. Rebuke his sin and greed; and if he, Cecil Rhodes, will not hearken, then I say unto you, that though he should seek to make his name immortal and should write it in gold dust and set it in diamonds and cement it in human blood yet as I blot out his name written in the ashes of the campfire, so shall his name be blotted out." "Nay," said Peter Halket, "I cannot do even that." Then the Prophet Christ laid his hand upon his head, "Peter Halket, a harder task I give you than any other which has been laid upon you. In that small spot where alone upon earth your will rules, bring thenceforth, bring the kingdom today. Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you."

And such today is the call of the red flag—not to offer one's self gloriously upon the field of battle—not to be enrolled among the illustrious dead whom a nation holds in blessed memory—not to cry to England or to Mashonaland, nor to South Africa's great man—but to rule our own spirits and to do the less—but the greater thing, in quietness and sobriety, subordinate party, and class and self to our country.

I stood this summer at the seashore when the tide was just upon its turn. We could not tell at first whether it were still running out or had begun to flow in again. Sometimes we took courage from some wave that broke beyond its fellows and said, "Surely, it is running in." But when the next wave and still the next, fell short of their predecessor, we said, "Nay, it is still upon the ebb." It is with us now—at the turn of the tide. Long has it been ebbing, laying bare in its outflow all things slimy and corrupt; it has been ebbing all too long. Shall not the tide of civic patriotism, of social righteousness, of political truth, now begin to flow again with swift, fast rising flow, that shall bury all things unholy and unclean? The tides of ocean ebb and flow, and man cannot change them. But the fall and rise of these moral tides, it is for man to determine. The flag calls for purity, for truth, for self-sacrifice. God give us answer in the hearts of the people. God grant us a flowing tide.

An unfailing specific for cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea and all those other dangerous diseases incident to the summer season, is found in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry. Letters advertised at the Owosso post office for the week ending July 3: John Stout, Mrs. Mary Avery, Frank Allen, Grace Blosser, Julius Grober, James Howe, F. Harris, James Davison, Fred Jackson, B. J. Brown, Bert Van Valkenberg.

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BURROWS NEEDS REST

WM Go to Europe After Congress Adjourns.

HAS WORKED HARD THIS SESSION.

While the Michigan Senator is in Good Health, He Wants a Little Recreation—Cause of the Delay in Dismissing the Reinstatement—Protect of Michigan Manufacturers—Chemists—Wolverine Congressmen Anxious About Their Places.

Washington, July 6.—"As soon as possible after congress adjourns I am going to Europe," says Senator Burrows. "I shall not remain very long, but shall take the voyage for my health. The twelve days going and coming on the ocean, and a short sojourn in Europe, will undoubtedly benefit me. I don't want to convey the impression that I am sick, for I am not. But I am tired out and need rest and a little recreation. My wife, daughter and son-in-law will accompany me."

The senator looks to be strong and vigorous, but he has done a great deal of work during the extra session of congress. His correspondence has been tremendous, and he has had to deal with scores of office-seeking constituents. Besides, since he was made a member of the committee on finance he has been kept busy by day and by night working with the other republican members of the committee in the formation of various schedules and in making the tariff bill a homogeneous whole, based upon principles of protection.

"I shall probably return to Detroit soon after adjournment," says Senator McMillan. "I have many business interests which will command my personal attention. Although the congress has practically been in session continuously ever since last December, I have enjoyed good health, but will be glad to get away from Washington before the super-heated season begins."

All of the Michigan congressmen are here and ready to vote on the tariff bill. It is generally believed that the congress will adjourn not later than the 15th of the month. The question of \$1 or \$2 billion will come up when the tariff bill goes into conference, and all of the Michigan statesmen expect to have something to say upon the subject.

Among the recent visitors from Michigan were George W. Johnson, R. H. Brown and wife, and Miss Mary Brown, and Judge C. J. Riley of Detroit; Judge M. C. Burch and S. Frost of Grand Rapids; A. C. Cook of Iron Mountain, and Mr. Leet of Ithaca. Mr. Leet is a candidate for a consulate and his application is properly endorsed and filed at the department of state.

A. P. Dinsmore of Michigan was chief of the draughting division in the general land office during the Harrison administration, but was removed during the Cleveland administration. Having been a soldier he is eligible to reinstatement, and his application was filed three months ago, but nothing came of it. Mr. Dinsmore recently investigated the matter to ascertain the cause of the delay, and he found out that the Democrat who had been appointed to succeed him now claims to be a Republican, and has the backing of Senator Tom Platt. Congressman Snover took up the case and has demonstrated to the department that the man is a red-hot Democrat. Mr. Snover has secured a picture of a Democratic club, and this man's picture is included. Proofs of the fact that the man is a Democrat have been laid before Senator Platt, but he still seems to be inclined to sustain his Democratic friend. Congressman Snover has informed the "senior boys" that unless he gets out of the way and lets the Union soldier into the department his conduct will be laid before every Grand Army post in the state of New York.

New Postoffice Wanted. Senator Burrows has filed with the postmaster general the petition and application of citizens of Wheatland township, Hillsdale county, for a new post office to be named Stafford, with Charles F. Stafford as postmaster. The senator endorsed the papers, and in a short time the new postoffice will be established. It will accommodate many people who are now obliged to go to Church, Hoxie, Hudson, and Wheatland for their mail. Numerous petitions have recently been received by the Michigan senators from the manufacturing chemists of Michigan protesting against a bill requiring all poisons to be put up in triangular bottles. The bill, if passed, would apply only to the District of Columbia, and would require manufacturing chemists to have bottles specially prepared for this trade.

Albert Lawrence, the Detroit newsboy, who lost his place as a page in the house of representatives under the new organization, has been given a place in the war department by General Alger.

Congressman Sam Smith has made application to the war department for the discharge of Private F. W. Dietz of the Nineteenth infantry, whose wife is slowly dying of consumption in Michigan. Secretary Alger will probably order the discharge because of the truth of the fact set forth by Congressman Smith that "this soldier is needed at his home and the government can dispense with his services without feeling the loss of one soldier whose place can be readily filled by recruiting officers."

The application of Y. Wimer for appointment as a member of the board of engineers on the International deep water commission is indorsed by the principal representatives of the transportation interests of the lake region. Congressman Corliss has strongly indorsed the application, and, inasmuch as Secretary Alger personally knows the fitness of the applicant, the appointment is likely to be made.

Michigan Representatives Anxious. Congressman Sam Smith has applied to the secretary of war for a quantity of obsolete small brass cannon for the use of the Grand Army post at Rochester. The application will be granted. As the time approaches when Speaker Reed is to announce the committee assignments for the house of representatives the Michigan congressmen are growing anxious concerning their places. Who will represent Michigan on the committee on rivers and harbors? That is the question. For eight years Sam Stephenson of the upper peninsula was a member of that committee, and he faithfully looked after the interests of Michigan in every river and harbor bill. He has retired from congress and his successor, Mr. Sheldon of Houghton, is anxious to secure a position on that im-

portant committee. The speaker has not signified his intention in the matter.

Judge B. A. Harlan of Grand Rapids has held a position in the pension office for nearly twenty years. He has done more hard work for the organization and maintenance of the Michigan association than any other Wolverine in the national capital. The association has always been solvent, and they say that Judge Harlan has put many a dollar out of his little salary to pay bills when the treasury was depleted. He is popular with Michigan people resident here, and often makes it his business to look after visitors from Michigan by showing them about the city and directing them to the popular places of interest.

A Prince of Good Fellows. When Senator Palmer of Michigan was in the national capitol, few people knew him save as a very dignified statesman. He was much more than that. He was a jolly good fellow, a prince of good fellows among his personal friends. He has been used very much by the best senatorial circle, which includes those who have a good fellowship side to their nature. His house on the north side of McPherson square was the scene of many a good time, that several senators and boon companions remember with pleasure and regret. There were always billiards and whist and music, dainties to tickle senatorial palates and a little something effervescent to prod lazy livers. There was good story telling and singing, and sometimes even dancing. The senatorial quartette consisted of Mr. Palmer, soprano, and Mr. Manderson, basso. They could sing so much and so hard that it required only the two to make up a quartette. Mr. Edmunds was originally a member of the quartette, but complained that after the soprano and basso got a-going he was like a man in the uproar of battle, who can't tell whether his gun goes off or not. So he withdrew, and would afterwards consent to sing nothing but solos to a yodel obligato by Senator Cameron.

Jolly Renouls. Senator Davis of Minnesota, one of Palmer's best friends, says that "there never have been such jolly reunions as we used to have at Tom Palmer's. Beneath his roof we were all friends and no one ever had any thought of undue restraint. We were simply our natural selves and perfectly at home with our host and with each other."

An ex-senator says: "I went out of the senate when Palmer died, but I have been here often since, than he has been. We used to have very pleasant gatherings at Edmunds' and Sherman's and others, but there was always a restraint or a shadow of a restraint that did not exist at Palmer's. He possesses that rare quality of a host, without which one can never be a real host, the ability to put every one at ease and on good terms with himself and with his neighbors. This is a great gift and few possess it. When it is possessed, accompanied as is generally and naturally is with a love for entertaining, you have a man capable of making a great deal of happiness in the world. Tom Palmer is that sort of a man, and under his influence it was pleasant to see stiff people thaw out and cold people warm up, and dignity drop, and the warm streak of humanity that exists in every man, no matter how thick the crust of selfishness or pretension, show up. The man who can influence George F. Edmunds and John Sherman et al. to join heartily in 'We Won't Go Home 'till Morning' is a born host."

Aims to Make Sunshine. Palmer does not believe in hard work, now that he has great wealth, and the years of hard work lie behind. He writes himself as one who loves his fellowmen next to himself, and he proposes to spend the rest of his life in making it as pleasant for all hands as possible, so he threw off the cares and burdens of the senatorship and went back to his old life without responsibilities, except to make sunshine in dark places so far as he can.

One evening at his residence a senator informed Palmer that rumor was current that he was writing a novel. "That is not exactly true," replied the Michigan statesman. "I am not writing a novel. It is a poem. Not my epithalamium, but a psalm of rejoicing to commemorate my retirement from the senate. I have got the first verse done and the first line of the second. People will swear that it is from Watts, but I wrote every word of it myself, and it begins in this way:

"All hail auspicious day
That sees my soul's release,
And puts me on the pilgrim's way
That leads to lasting peace."

"The second verse begins:
'Long have I lingered here,
Good Place to Write Poetry.
'That's as far as I have got. I wrote that one afternoon when I was presiding over the senate while Ingalls was gone to lunch, and the next time he calls me to the chair I hope to get the second verse finished. The vice president's desk is a first-class place to write poetry, and if I were to be elected vice president I presume I should come out a Tennyson or a Milton, or at least the

sweet singer of Michigan." General Alger of Michigan has done very many good things for his friends, and has shown many favors to old soldiers, their widows and orphans. He was always a warm personal friend of General Logan, and when the great volunteer soldier was called from earth, General Alger undertook to make suitable provision for his widow. He invested her little all, about \$40,000, so that it yields Mrs. Logan a handsome interest, and he has so secured it that she simply cannot lose it unless Detroit falls into the river and disappears in Lake Erie.

Covered with Indorsements. A few days after General Alger had so firmly fixed her future living for Mrs. Logan, a prominent banker was in Alger's office talking business of many kinds and degrees.

"How would you like to discount that?" asked Alger, handing him a note for \$40,000. Mrs. Logan's order, signed "Alger & Smith"—his firm name. "Do it in a minute," promptly responded the banker.

"I thought you would," said Alger, who could borrow half a million on his own personal note any day in the week but Sunday. "But just to make sure I got a few indorsements on the back, so that the payee needn't have any trouble about it. Turn it over."

The banker did so. The back of the note was simply covered with the names of Detroit millionaires, beginning with James McMillan, Michigan's United States senator. The payment of that \$40,000 was secured by fifty to one hundred millions of dollars.

DUNBAR. Weather forecasts for today and tomorrow indicate still hotter weather while the prognosticators are giving out the pleasing assurances that this week's weather will be regarded as cool in comparison with what is coming next week.

Michigan Central Rates. Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition, Nashville, Tenn. May 1st to Oct. 31, '97—fare for round trip, ten day limit, \$12.95; twenty day limit, \$17.65; season ticket, \$24.05. Camp meeting, Eaton Rapids, Mich. July 21 to Aug. 2—rate of one and one-third fare for round trip. Date of sale July 20 to Aug. 1st, return limit, Aug. 3d.

\$8 from Cleveland to Mackinac and return, \$7 from Toledo to Mackinac and return, \$6 from Detroit to Mackinac and return. The above special tourist rates will be put into effect June 30th, via Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Co's new mammoth steel passenger steamer. The round trip from Cleveland, including meals and berth, costs \$16, from Toledo \$14, from Detroit \$11.50. Send 2 cents for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Keep Cool by Taking a Lake Trip. Visit Picturesque Mackinac, the Island of cool breezes. Travel via the D. & C. Coast Line. Send 2 cents for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Sprains, Stiles, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Johnson & Henderson, druggists, Owosso. 6-30-98

Commissioner's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Silas S. Mathewson, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Shiawasee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the store of R. Sherman & Son in the village of Bancroft, in said county, on Monday, the 4th day of October, 1897, and on the 8th day of January, 1898, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that six months from the 6th day of July, 1897, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said commissioners for adjustment and to be paid. Dated the 6th day of July, A. D. 1897. WM. E. WATSON, ROBERT WATSON, Commissioners.

Common Council.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOM, Owosso, Mich., June 28, 1897. Special meeting of Common Council, Pres. Wiley presiding. Aldermen present at roll call. Wiley, Copas Shaw, White, Jordan, Watson, Walsh. Clerk read following call:

Owosso, Mich., June 28, 1897. To the Aldermen and City Clerk. Gentlemen: You are hereby notified that there will be a special meeting of the common council at the council room 7:30 o'clock to pay interest on bonds due July 1st, 97. Yours, E. A. GORTLE, Mayor. Ald. Watson offered following resolution which was adopted, ayes 7, nays 0. Resolved by the common council of the city of Owosso, That the committee on ways and means of said city be and the same is hereby authorized to pay interest upon the bonds given by said city when the same becomes due, and the city clerk is hereby authorized to draw orders for the same from the contingent fund of said city at the request of said committee. Upon motion Council adjourned. FRED EDWARDS, City Clerk.

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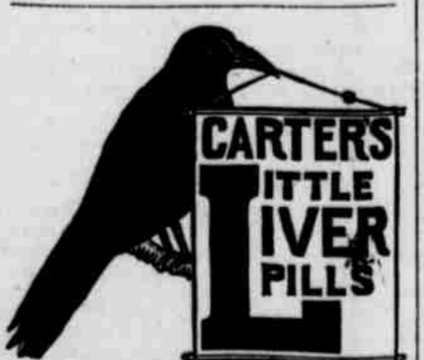
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To wash as clean as can be done on the washboard and with much more ease. This applies to Terrill's Perfect Washing Machine, which will be sent on trial at wholesale price, if not satisfactory, money refunded. Agents Wanted. 75,000 in use. For exclusive territory, terms and prices write to—
PORTLAND WFG CO., 55 MAIN ST., PORTLAND, MICH.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.